findasugardaddy.com

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by trashbambi

Summary

“This isn’t working.” Will muttered, loosening his overly expensive tie. Hannibal pushed Will’s hands away from it and gently loosened the knot, hands sliding down Will’s chest after making his heart race.

The case had been going badly, a killer going after gay sugar babies and their daddies who seemed as though they might be getting into a more serious relationship. Usually the sugar baby was killed first, the other being made to watch before being dispatched as well. Each time a note with each man's net worth was left by the bodies and all cash was taken, along with a rambling note that, summed up, read ‘If I can’t have this, neither can you’.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“This isn’t working.” Will muttered, loosening his overly expensive tie. Hannibal pushed Will’s hands away from it and gently loosened the knot, hands sliding down Will’s chest after making his heart race.

The case had been going badly, a killer going after gay sugar babies and their daddies who seemed as though they might be getting into a more serious relationship. Usually the sugar baby was killed first, the other being made to watch before being dispatched as well. Each time a note with each man's net worth was left by the bodies and all cash was taken, along with a rambling note that, summed up, read ‘If I can’t have this, neither can you’.

The BAU had authorised an undercover operation with Will and Hannibal posing as a couple. A fake trail had been left on ‘findasugardaddy.com’ over the last few months for the killer to pick up. Will and Hannibal had been deposited in an expensive hotel room—which Hannibal had insisted on paying for, merely to look convincing of course—and Hannibal was to shower Will with expensive gifts to make it seem legitimate.

Just thinking of all the money currently being wasted on him made Will cringe internally. Growing up poor, accepting any kind of gift of worth had him feeling like a charity case and distinctly uncomfortable

Hannibal on the other hand, seemed to be having a grand time. He used the case as an excuse to outfit Will with an entire new wardrobe, which surprisingly enough comprised of things he’d actually wear. After the first two days Will had decided to ignore the price tag on everything and save himself from worsening his ever present headache.

“Hush, the case is going well. They believe the killer is on our trail and will be coming after us any day. Perhaps even tonight.”

“You’re enjoying this far too much.” Will griped, glancing around the boutique they were currently in. Hannibal’s lips quirked into a half smile.

Will caught sight of something outside the display window, a man who had walked past the store several times already, lingering a moment too long before ducking out of sight. When he saw the man again, Will leaned in to Hannibal, making it look as though he were whispering something provocative in his ear.

“I guess you’re right, there's a man who's been walking back and forth past the store since we came in. Every time I catch him he ducks out of sight.” Will muttered, pressing a hasty kiss to Hannibal’s cheek as he pulled back. The chaste press of lips to skin was enough to make Will flush, shy about any kind of physical contact with Hannibal, let alone kissing him.

There had been a few instances where Hannibal had pressed a kiss to Will’s cheek or hand over the last few days. Each time his stomach had flipped and twisted in anticipation and excitement, and he had to fight down the urge to run for the hills in an anxious panic.

Will had come to terms with the fact that he was painfully attracted to Hannibal weeks ago. He had tried his best to not let it show or affect his ability to work with him, and this case was testing his self-restraint.

He'd protested their roles in the investigation at first, vehemently so. The prospect of having to share a bed with Hannibal, to have less than platonic physical contact with him, made him fear his attraction would be revealed. Before the Budge incident he would have also have worried about Hannibal getting hurt, but his deft ability to protect himself eased Will's worries enough that he hadn't brought it up.

The first two nights had been blessedly nightmare free, and he'd slept straight through without any embarrassing moments of accidental inappropriate touching. The previous night however, he'd been mortified to wake up panting, sweating right through the expensive silk pyjamas Hannibal insisted he wear. Hannibal had woken with him and pulled him into his arms without a word, ignoring Will's protests about being covered sweat.

Will was brought back to the present when Hannibal turned them on the spot with tactful grace, motioning as though to bring Will's attention to a beautifully warm looking sweater displayed next to them.

"Yes, I had noticed us being followed as we made our way along the street. I believe we may have to 'up the ante' as it were. He said, sliding a hand down Will's arm as the shop door chimed to announce another customer. Glancing over Will noticed it was the man who had been eyeing them, trying to look casual as he browsed the clothes on display.

"Forgive me," Hannibal said quietly before curling his hand around the back of Will's neck and pulling him in for a kiss. The action surprised Will enough to part his lips in a gasp, though this worked in their favour as the kiss immediately deepened. Will took advantage of the sudden lip lock to put on an air of fake confidence and slid his tongue against Hannibal's own.

The action caught Hannibal by surprise, a soft, pleased noise tumbling into Will's mouth as he pressed himself firmly against Hannibal's front for a moment. Will allowed himself to enjoy the contact for a moment and then returned firm swipe of Hannibal's tongue against his, in spite of himself, before pulling back.

"Save it for when we get back to the hotel, cher," Will said, just loud enough for their stalker to overhear.

Something in Hannibal's expression shifted at the term of endearment, a spark of almost desperate longing, but it was gone in a millisecond and Will put it down to wishful thinking. There had been no previous indication that Hannibal desired Will as much as Will desired him.

Initially it had been a relief for Will that Hannibal's emotions didn't roll off him in waves like everyone else's did. Recently however, it was becoming a large source of stress, Will never knowing what to expect from Hannibal. He could barely read the man at all. Will couldn't help but wonder if this was how people without empathy disorders normally felt.

With a short nod, Hannibal picked up the sweater from the rack and took it to the counter, asking the assistant about sizing and alternate colours. Will spent the time pretending to check his phone, snapping a discreet picture of the man following them and shooting it off to Jack.

It wasn't long before they were leaving, a bag in Hannibal's hand with the sweater in the correct size and desired colour for Will, a deep blue. The other man stayed in the store for a moment longer in a futile attempt to avoid suspicion.

As they walked down the street back to their hotel, Hannibal slipped his hand into Will's, startling him out of his thoughts on whether or not the killer would strike that night. Winter displays spilled their cheerful lights onto the sleet covered street and cut over Hannibal's angular face as Will glanced at him.

Hannibal cast a small, fond smile his way, eyes narrowed in what Will could only describe as feline like affection. He was glad for the cold breeze that quickly reddened his cheeks, hiding the blush he was sure would be particularly noticeable otherwise. He returned the smile with an uncertain one of his own and moved a little closer as they neared the hotel.

When they entered Will went to wait by the elevators while Hannibal went to the desk to retrieve any messages that may have been left for them. He was handed a thick envelope and thanked the clerk, joining Will after. The envelope was opened and read during the elevator ride up, slipped into the bag in Hannibal's hand when he was done. Will shot him a curious look but decided not to bring it up for now.

Once inside their room, Will shrugged off the suit jacket he'd been forced into that morning. He immediately distanced himself from Hannibal, decanting a few fingers of painfully expensive whiskey. He knocked it back with little fanfare and poured another before moving to sit heavily on the couch.

"Anyone would think you'd had a taxing day." Hannibal teased, placing the bag on the table and removing his own overcoat, hanging it and Will's jacket up neatly.

"Being toted around clothing stores for hours with little say in what I'm forced into counts as a taxing day in my book."

"I rather enjoyed myself. You should have spoken up, we could have done something different." Hannibal told him, pulling the envelope from the bag and handing it to Will. Will just replied with a grunt, taking a sip of his drink. The missive was a note from Jack, explaining the day's findings, with more detail than could be thrown into a text. Ultimately it was uninteresting, nothing new, they knew who their target was, - though there was the thought that he'd strike tonight.

Will reclined in the chair, watching Hannibal over his drink before glancing at the bag. He was surprised Hannibal hadn't made him try the sweater on the moment they came through the door. He sighed and flexed his shoulders, his back aching from being on his feet and walking all day.

He was still staring at the bag, trying to mentally work though the days events, the shopping, the kiss and the hand holding, when he was startled by hands on his shoulders. He turned his head to look back at Hannibal as those hands began kneading his sore muscles through his shirt.

“You don’t have to—ahh—do that. No one is watching us now. You can stop pretending to be my doting sugar daddy.” Will told him, the impromptu massage quickly turning him to putty in Hannibal’s skilled hands.

“Hush, Will. If I put you though such a taxing day, at least let me make it up to you by easing some of your physical discomfort.”

“I… fine… yeah alright.” Will gave in, relaxing into the contact, fighting back the small, blissful noises that wanted to escape him. “You’re good with your hands.” He muttered, eyes sliding shut as thumbs firmly rubbed over the back of his neck.

“I’m amenable to a full body massage if you’d like to experience just how good I can be with my hands.” Hannibal’s voice was right besides Will’s ear and he nearly dropped his glass at both the comment and the sudden proximity. He cursed and stood too fast, downing the rest of his drink, leaving the glass on the table with the tink of glass being set down too heavily.

“Jesus, Hannibal. Stop… whatever that was. I’m going to take a shower.” Will said, panic flooding his chest and feeling as though Hannibal may have picked up on his attraction and was teasing him for it. He fled into the bathroom, closing the door perhaps a little too firmly behind himself and locking it.

He leant back against it and cursed himself, heat pooling in his gut at the torturous memory of Hannibal’s lips against his, his hands on Will’s shoulders. He wasn’t sure he’d be able to cope with much more of this and hoped fervently that the case would wrap soon. Another day of Hannibal hovering around him—kissing Will as though he wanted him, holding his hand as though he cared—and Will was sure he’d be on his knees both figuratively and literally.

It was too much to bare. Too painful to have Hannibal so close and to have to pretend to be together the way Will has beginning to ache for. He took a cold shower and ignored the way his cock stayed half hard. It was only when he stepped out that he realised he’d not brought any clothes to change into, really not relishing the idea of putting the suit back on.

He wrapped a towel around his waist and cracked the door open, spying Hannibal with his back to the room as he pursued the news on his tablet. Will took a chance and began to bolt toward the bedroom. He couldn’t sneak past Hannibal though, not with his cock still insistently half hard, tenting the towel and making it a little difficult to move with any speed as it rubbed against the fabric.

Hannibal turned, intending to speak if his parted lips were anything to go by, but halted when he caught sight of Will’s state. They both froze for a long moment, eyeing each other. Hannibal looked predatory; Will, a deer caught in the headlights. Hannibal’s gazed held him in place more effectively than any physical binding ever could. Before he realised what had happened, Hannibal was standing in front of him, hands gripping Will’s shoulders.

Suddenly Hannibal seemed so much larger, his presence filling the room and Will's senses, and then his mouth. A hand gripped the back of his head by his hair and pulled him into a hungry kiss, Will's lips parted in shock and was immediately taken advantage of by a determined tongue.

There was a moment when the shock wore off and Will struggled against Hannibal's hold on him, only to have strong arms wrap around him and crush their bodies together. He pulled back just enough to part their lips, forcing a hand up between their faces.

"Don't! Please… I can't. Not if this is out of some kind of misguided pity or whatever," Will said, panting against his hand. A trembled begun to wrack his body, panic setting in.

"I apologise, Will. I can assure you that this isn't pity. I have wanted you for far longer than I care to admit. I'd hoped this case would allow me a chance to… experience what it could be like if you returned my affections." Hannibal admitted, loosening his grip and stepping back. He wrapped his fingers around Will's wrist, lowering it gently and used his other hand to caress Will's cheek.

"Oh…" Will's brows furrowed, eyes roaming over Hannibal's face before settling at his forehead, unable to look him in the eye. "I… That's… Uh. Fuck," Will stammered, unable to put his thoughts into words. Relief and hope were flooding him and Hannibal was still close enough that he could feel the heat radiating off him. His head fell forward, forehead bumping Hannibal's chest and resting there, eyes closed. Hannibal's hand on Will's cheek lingered for a moment before dropping to his side.

"Tell me what you're thinking, Will. Whatever it is, I assure you I won't be offended. If you don't feel the same, please tell me," Hannibal said, pleading. When there was no response, Will unable to unstick the words from his throat, Hannibal stepped back. Will's hand on his wrist halted his movement, grip too tight, desperate.

"I just… slow down? I need… I need a moment." Will managed to force out. Hannibal swallowed and the movement of his adams apple drew Will's eyes down to stare at his neck. "I do… uh… feel the same. I just haven't dated in a while… a long while. I'm not sure what I'm… I just need to take it slow." Will explained. Hannibal gave him a nod and seemed to soften before Will's eyes, stepping closer again.

"May I kiss you Will? Then we can retire for the night and I'd very much like to hold you in bed. If that's not too much for you? I don't wish for you to be uncomfortable."

"Uh… yeah, that's fine. I'd like you to kiss me." Will said, eyes shifting up to Hannibal's mouth. The kiss this time was tender, Hannibal's fingers tracing feather light, along Will's stubbled jaw. Hannibal left it to Will to decide if he wanted to deepen it, and Will did.

He licked at Hannibal's lower lip, then sucked it between his own for a brief moment, enjoying the faint pleased shudder that ran through Hannibal. When they parted a moment later, Will laid his hands against Hannibal's chest, fingers worrying the collar of Hannibal's shirt.

“I don’t know what… I mean… I don’t know if I’m ready to put any kind of… label on this, us.”

“That’s more than all right, Will. We’ll take things as slow as you need, and tackle any obstacles or labelling of things as needed. Now, let’s get to bed. Would it be ok if I slept without a shirt? I usually do and I’ve been rather warm the past few nights.”

“Oh! Yeah. Yeah that’s fine. I’d like to see you less… well,” Will said, gesturing vaguely at Hannibal’s tie. Hannibal chuckled in response and pressed a light kiss to the corner of Will’s mouth.

“I’ll let you change first.”

“Gracious of you, Doctor Lecter.” Will teased, turning toward the bedroom only to get a smack to his towel covered rear. He gripped at the knot as the towel started to slip, turning to fix Hannibal with an amused and surprised look.

“Did you just… You know what, never mind. I’ll call you when I’m done.” He said, quickly retreating into the bedroom and closing the door, leaving Hannibal standing in the middle of the main room, with an uncharacteristically cheeky and buoyant smile on his face.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> back by popular demand (actually back really because i had a dream that was DELICIOUS stemming from this all so yes here, have)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They hadn’t caught the killer that night. The man who’d been following them turned out to be an admirer of Hannibal’s; someone who had run across him several times at high society events and become fascinated. He’d likely never interacted with Hannibal directly. If he had, he’d been so banal that Hannibal hadn’t even remembered him; a rare occurrence. He’d confessed to having followed them after seeing them out that day, curious about who Hannibal was showering with gifts.

Jack believed they hadn’t been convincing enough, or that they weren’t considered as being in a ‘serious’ enough relationship for the killer to bother. Jack had insisted Will move in with Hannibal to make their relationship seem more serious.

Will protested viciously against that course of action. Despite the budding relationship between them, which Jack had yet to find out about, the idea of suddenly living with Hannibal was too much for Will to even entertain at first. Not to mention that it would encourage a killer to stalk them in Hannibal's home. It was unconscionable. Will wouldn’t have it. No one should be made to feel unsafe in their own home.

Hannibal had worn him down in short order.

“I assure you, Will, that I would not accede to Agent Crawford’s request if I had any doubts about our safety.” He’d said. He’d assured Will that he didn’t feel unsafe, had distracted him from the issue shortly after with soft kisses. Irritatingly enough Will later realised the ploy had worked.

Unbeknownst to Will, Hannibal had also refused to have any police stationed in or outside his home. It wouldn't do for them to get too close, not with Hannibal’s extracurricular activities.

Having Will residing with him was one thing; having a whole platoon - if Jack had his way - of men traipsing around at all hours of the night and day was another altogether. Controlling a single person and preventing them from stumbling upon something they shouldn’t was far easier than doing the same for a whole host of officers.

And if Will did just that, Hannibal was confident, what with the new turn in their relationship, that he’d be able to swing Will to his way of seeing things quickly. He’d already proven susceptible to distraction via physical affection; of course, it would take a lot more than a few kisses to smooth over the discovery that he was a cannibal serial killer.

He'd convinced Jack that a police presence in or near his home would drive the killer away. Eventually, he'd agreed only to send a patrol car around to do a sweep of the area at random but reasonable intervals.

Will moved in with a single overnight bag, not needing anything else. Hannibal had purchased an entire wardrobe of clothes by now, all housed in his extensive closet space. He didn't complain, however; he'd found himself much preferring the feel of what Hannibal bought him against his skin. Not that he'd ever admit it to Hannibal.

His dogs were boarded in a rather upscale kennel, Hannibal insisting on paying. The killer would assume the expense was just another gift from an overly involved sugar daddy and it wouldn't do to impose them upon Alana for an indeterminate amount of time after all. At least that was how Hannibal had convinced an irritated Will that it was for the best.

Eventually Hannibal supposed he'd have to allow the dogs into his home, though that was a bridge he'd cross when they came to it. He already knew he'd let no more than two or three of them stay, the rest would have to be adopted out as he knew was Will's original intention when rescuing them.

After the first few days of acclimatising to their new situation, Will found himself guiltily enjoying the way Hannibal seemed to dote on him. He'd wondered at his acceptance, having assumed he'd feel more uncomfortable due to his impoverished upbringing. But having Hannibal so obviously enjoy lashing gifts upon him - which went far further than just clothes by now - made Will feel surprisingly warm and wanted.

He stood under the spray of the ensuite shower, forehead pressed to the cold tile, eyes closed against the deluge pounding down from above. Hannibal was in the bedroom, waiting for Will in bed like he had been every night for the past week. And every night Will's stomach twisted itself into intricate knots of anticipation.

Since that first kiss between them, Hannibal had not so subtly prevented them from going further than some heavy making out and over the clothes stroking, though it had always stopped before either of them go anywhere near to getting off.

Will enjoyed the calm evenings between them, pressed side to side, Hannibal reading something or other on his tablet, Will reading and grading some papers from the academy. But he was beginning to get frustrated. He'd hesitated to bring it up, but he'd been mentally psyching himself up for some sexual contact having occurred between them by now.

His thoughts wandered, imagining what it would be like to do more than kiss Hannibal now he knew him more intimately than before. He knew how those hands felt against him, knew how Hannibal kissed, hungry and demanding at times, soft and yielding at others.

He let out a soft groan as his cock began to fill out at the recent memory of straddling Hannibal's lap in that damned leather chair in the corner of the kitchen. The feeling of Hannibal's erection pressing insistently against his rear through their clothes had consumed his thoughts periodically since it happened a couple of days ago. The dinner had burned in the oven that night, Will distracting Hannibal enough that he missed the timer chiming.

The water was scalding against his back as Will fisted his cock, stuffing his knuckles into his mouth to dampen his moans as he imagined the moment continuing. He thought of Hannibal pulling out their cocks, wrapping his warm, surprisingly calloused hand around them and stroking.

A shudder shot down his spine as he contemplated how Hannibal would bite and kiss at his neck, leaving livid suck marks on his skin. Imagined his other hand splayed over Will's ass, groping and gripping and pressing him closer. He'd bite at Hannibal's lips and jaw, tugging and sucking at the tender skin as Hannibal growled beneath him.

And Hannibal would growl, Will knew. He'd already discovered the more animalistic side to him. The way he kissed and bit at Will's lips when they'd made out, how he clawed at Will's hips, ass and thighs. The small rumbling noises of hunger, not quite a growl or a purr, when Will would return the rough affection. It was delicious.

He thought of how Hannibal's fingers would feel as they opened him up, or maybe it would be the other way around. Yeah, he'd like to see Hannibal bent over the edge of a desk or the kitchen counter, exposed for him and waiting. Would he be demanding, take control even in that position? Or would Hannibal submit to whatever Will wished to do to him? The idea of the latter had Will whimpering in want against his fist as he bit down on it. Fuck, how far would Hannibal let him go? What would he let him do?

Will's climax crept up on him without warning, accompanied by the vivid image of him taking a sharp knife to Hannibal's neck, slicing it open and watching him struggle and choke on his own blood. Will let out a startled wail, mainly at the startling image, stumbling and slipping on the wet tiles but catching himself on the wall. For a moment the water ran thick and red and pooled at his feet.

The bathroom door slammed open a moment later, Hannibal calling out to him before halting in his steps as he took in the sight before him. Will stood with his softening cock in hand, steadying himself against the wall, semen gradually washing away. He looked out at Hannibal with wide, deer-in-the-headlights eyes, a flush rapidly rising from his chest to his cheeks.

"I… I slipped… I'm fine." Will said, mortified at being caught in such a compromising position, especially after what he'd thought he'd seen. The horror at his own mind still lingered as he avoided looking directly at Hannibal, afraid he'd somehow know what had gone on in WIll's mind.

"Please be more careful, Will. I'd be very distressed if you were to slip and injure yourself." Hannibal made no comment on Will's obvious predicament, though he did rake his eyes hungrily over Will's body. Will's cheeks felt as if they might catch fire with the force of his blush.

The look had a shiver rolling through him, feeling like a rabbit being stalked by a fox. Hannibal was certainly that, a predator waiting to pounce when the time was right. Not yet, but soon something would change, and he'd end up in bed with the beast.

“I’ll be out in a minute,” Will said, his voice betraying just how affected he was more than he’d hoped it would. As the door clicked shut once more, he straightened himself, washing the last remnants of semen from his hand before scrubbing both over his face with a weary groan.

It took him a good five minutes to gather himself enough to leave the shower, taking his time brushing his teeth, drying off and dressing before re-entering the bedroom. He scowled at Hannibal as a knowing smirk was sent his way, climbing into bed beside him and facing away to hide his lingering embarrassment.

Hannibal wouldn’t have it though, placing his book on the side table before sliding further under the sheets and toward Will.

“I sense something more than what I barged in on is bothering you. Do you wish to talk about it?” Hannibal asked as he slid an arm around Will’s waist and pulled him back against his chest.

“No.”

“Stubborn boy.”

Another shudder shot down Will’s spine at the low voice in his ear. His lids fluttered as lips brushed the shell of his ear, then the nape of his neck. Despite everything, Will found heat coiling in his gut as Hannibal slid a hand under his t-shirt and splayed it over his stomach. Though he knew his cock wouldn’t respond so soon. Hannibal likely knew it too and was purposely trying to torment him.

“Go to sleep.” Will tried and failed to stay annoyed at Hannibal as he felt the soft huff of a chuckle against his neck, finding a faint smile tugging at his own lips. His hand joined Hannibal’s slipping his fingers in the gaps between Hannibal’s own and giving a soft squeeze.

Hannibal pressed a light kiss to the nape of his neck once more and settled. Will’s smile faded as the image he’d seen in the shower returned to him, making his stomach twist and churn. He put the hallucination down to the stress of the case, of being a target, and down to often feeling like a deer in cougar country when around Hannibal.

Still, he struggled to sleep that night.

“Well, at least we know why we’ve not seen any movement toward you two,” Jack said, coming to stand beside Will and look down at the corpse propped against the side of the couch.

Will’s eyes flicked toward him for a moment before being trained back on the note stapled, literally, into the man’s forehead. A full A4 sheet of cramped handwritten text. Blood pooled under the body from two sources, a slit throat and, in Will’s opinion, a rather uninspired case of genital mutilation.

Another body lay close by with similar wounds, though he was slumped over against the floor, no note. Both were clothed only in dressing gowns. They'd been caught getting up or preparing for bed. Judging by the coagulation rate of the blood, Will predicted it was the night before. Police had done a welfare check after neither man had arrived at work and no contact could be made.

"I'll clear the room." came Jack's distant voice. Will focussed in on the scene and blocked out everything around him.

"Hannibal stays." Was all Will said in response, missing the look of consternation that Jack shot Hannibal. He also failed to notice the flicker of smug satisfaction that crossed Hannibal's face at the allowance.

In the intervening days between his hallucination and this scene the horror of it had dissipated leaving Will with a lingering sense of unease. He'd noticed small pockets of missing time. He'd sit down to grade some papers just as the sun was beginning to set, and the next thing he knew it would be dark. Hannibal would be kneeling in front of him, holding a hand and looking concerned.

He'd have just been sitting there, not reacting to any stimuli and staring with flickering eyes. Hannibal refused to say what he suspected was wrong but promised to keep a closer eye on him. The episodes were always followed by a blinding migraine, forcing Hannibal to sequester him in a dark bedroom and hold him close to get him to stay in bed.

"You'd only be wandering around popping far too many aspirin and in a sour mood if I allowed you out of bed." Hannibal had told him one evening, smoothing unruly curls from Will's sweat-damp forehead. He appreciated Hannibal's attentiveness. Will could still feel the familiar weight of Hannibal's gaze soothing some of his more frayed edges despite his focus on the scene in front of them.

The FBI personnel left the room, and Will sank into the killer, following him through the motions of the kill.

He entered the house late at night; it was silent; the occupants were already asleep. Or they were until something got them both out of bed.

Will felt himself filled with hot flashes of jealousy and anger at the sight of the only double bedroom in the house. So much so that he forced the men out of bed at knifepoint, into their robes and into the living room, promising he just wanted to rob them and if they co-operated they'd be fine.

Idiots. He'd never leave them alive. The only thing he wanted to take was them from each other. The phone lines were cut before he'd entered the home, and he smashed their cells in front of them. He had time. He forced one to tie the other up, then left him there as he went through the motions of getting the untied one to tell him where the valuables were. The house was ransacked but nothing was taken.

He tied the unbound man up, wrists so tightly restrained that the hands attached quickly lost all circulation. In death they were discoloured. He forced him to watch as he turned on the

other man. Small knife wounds littered his body. Suspicion curled in Will's gut as he pulled himself from the scene, looking around with slightly elevated breathing. He called Jack back in, still trying to stamp down the lingering rage that clogged his throat.

"We were wrong about the possible times of death. They woke in the middle of the night. He forced them into the lounge. He pretended to ransack the place. Nothing will have been taken, and you won't find prints. I think he… you should check that one for signs of sexual assault." Will motioned at the more mutilated body, the one with the note.

His voice felt thick, the words syrupy and difficult to dislodge. For some reason, this time the anger of the killer was lingering, clawing its way through his psyche and trying to put down roots like a weed.

"If he raped them, then he's escalating." Hannibal's calm voice beside him caused Will to flinch. He'd forgotten he was so close. A hand on his elbow steered him out of the room and the house. He'd done his job, now it was Hannibal's turn to do his. Will wondered how effective any kind of talk therapy would be in his current state.

The talk therapy didn't come, however. Hannibal allowed him his silence as he whisked Will past Jack, deflecting his usual questions and demands, and leading Will outside to the car. The care with which Hannibal was handling him felt incongruous with Will's current condition. He found himself unable to stop wondering how Hannibal would react in such a situation. If Will were to tie him down, take a knife to him, force him into submission and defile him.

His brain ran in circles around that burr of a thought.

He barely noticed the engine hum to life, the sound heavily muted in the confines of the well-built car. Then they were pulling into a parking space at Quantico. The scene had been an hour drive from their new location, and Will remembered nothing. He felt hazy and disjointed, moving on autopilot and unresponsive to Hannibal's voice calling to him.

Will led them into the bathroom and struck without warning. He pulled Hannibal into the end cubicle, slightly larger than the rest, and pushed him back against the door once it was locked.

"Will? What's the m-" Hannibal halted abruptly as he took in the slightly glazed expression on Will's face. His eyes were dull and sweat beaded on his forehead; Hannibal lifted a hand and pressed the back to Will's forehead, though his fever was evident.

"Can you hear me, Will?"

"Yes."

"Are you in control of your actions right now?"

"You have no idea." Will breathed, turning them with hands on Hannibal's shoulders so that his own back was toward the door now. "Get on your knees." Will pressed down on his shoulders. However, Hannibal's height and superior strength meant he wouldn't be so easily

overpowered. He stood against the insistent pressure for a long moment, eyes flicking down to quickly assess the cleanliness of the floor, before yielding and sinking to the floor and kneeling before Will.

Seeing Hannibal like this had Will licking at his suddenly dry lips, swallowing with an audible click as arousal washed through him. Will knew Hannibal was just playing along, but it didn't seem to dull the quiet sense of power he felt at the situation. The brief look of disgust as Hannibal's gaze swept the floor before lowering himself to it anyway had Will's lips twisting in a smirk.

"Hands on your thighs. Don't move them until I tell you. Do you understand?"

Hannibal looked up at Will, brows raising at the unmistakable order but he placed his hands flat against his thighs. That was all the consent Will needed, all he looked for as he slid his hands into Hannibal's hair and jerked his head back harshly. He pressed Hannibal's face against the front of his slacks, a heavy exhalation falling from his lips at the pressure against his aching cock.

It wasn't the first time Will had become aroused from empathizing with a killer, but it was undoubtedly the only time he'd ever allowed himself to express it in any way. He took it and twisted it just enough that what he wanted to do to Hannibal morphed into a more tolerable form.

Hannibal's fingers twitched against his legs, resisting the strong urge to grip at Will's instead and press himself closer. Hannibal inhaled deeply, scenting him through the clothing he'd chosen for Will himself. He smelt of a mix of laundry detergent, sweet fevered sweat, and the musk of arousal. Hannibal swallowed against the flood of saliva as his mouth watered at the combination. He couldn't hide the quiet moan that fell from his lips as they parted, however, and it earned him a sharp tug on his hair, pulling him back.

"If you can't control yourself I'll have to make you quiet." Will said, hi voice taking on a low, husky tone, sounding too loud in the echoing bathroom. With his free hand, Will pressed two fingers past Hannibal's slightly parted lips, pressing down on his tongue as he slid them far enough back to make Hannibal give a soft choking noise. The sound went straight to Will's dick and he bit at his lower lip and he explored the mouth that he now knew so well with his fingers.

"Look at you, submitting so easily. Such a good boy for me." Will purred, loosening his grip on Hannibal's hair and instead stroking through the silky strands gently. Hannibal's expression was becoming lax, lids half closed and mouth hanging slack around Will's digits, allowing them to move as they pleased. "Beautiful," Will said giving his fingers a sudden thrust further back and watching in excitement as Hannibal choked loudly around them.

Just as he did, the outer door to the bathroom opened, hinges in need of oiling squealing through the tiled space and seeming so jarringly loud. They both froze in place for a moment before Will carefully slipped his fingers from Hannibal's mouth, wiping them dry on the shoulder of Hannibal's pristine suit jacket.

With a smug leer, Will began to unfasten his belt, the sound of metal clinking against metal loud enough for whoever had entered to hear. Will's pulse was racing, feeling a potent mixture of excited and fearful at the prospect of being caught like this with Hannibal.

Hannibal's expression sharpened as his eyes narrowed in warning, lips pursing as Will pulled his cock from the confines of his pants and he pressed the slightly sweat-damp head against them. The sound of the intruder relieving himself in the urinals felt far away as Will's entire focus seemed to narrow in on that mouth. Bowed lips parted and Will shuffled closer with his pants around his legs, belt buckle clattering against the floor as he pressed himself into the warm, wet cavern of Hannibal's mouth.

He swallowed back the moan that wanted to escape, gritting his teeth as he pushed in as far as he dared with someone else in the room. He watched as he disappeared into Hannibal's mouth. It was intoxicating, Hannibal's flushed cheeks, lashes damp from tears caused by the choking, the wet patch on his shoulder, hair disheveled.

The outer door closed behind the intruder as they left and Will's hands took up residence on either side of Hannibal's skull. He rammed home, moaning too loud as Hannibal gagged around him and tried to pull back. All the movement achieved was Will holding his head tighter and Hannibal's back being pressed uncomfortably against the edge of the toilet seat.

He started a brutal pace, aiming for a quick climax, so there was less risk of being interrupted again. Hannibal's continued choking and slight struggling helped greatly in that endeavour. Will knew Hannibal could easily fight him off if he truly wanted and revelled in the fact that he could do this to him.

The slight scrape of teeth catching against his frenulum was his undoing. Will gasped and pressed Hannibal forward, burying himself in that tight, spasming throat as he spilt his load with a grunt. He pulled out completely, and the last couple of spurts splattered cum across Hannibal's lips and chin.

Hannibal was panting and trembling, eyes closed and knuckles white where he gripped the legs of his pants too tight. Tears streaked his cheeks as saliva mixed with semen as it dripped from his jaw. The front of his trousers was obscenely tented and Will stepped back just enough to admire the view.

"You look so perfect like this." Will hummed and he bent to pull his slacks back up, pressing a kiss to Hannibal's slack lips before tucking himself away. Hannibal made to move, hands lifting briefly from his legs before Will swiftly backhanded him across the face.

"Did I say you could move? Hands back where they belong," He snapped, and nearly faltered at the flicker of anger that crossed Hannibal's face. Will thought he'd gone a step too far before Hannibal's expression became docile again and his hands returned to rest on his thighs.

"Good boy. Tell me, do you want to cum?" Will asked, spreading Hannibal's thighs with a foot between them and nudging the bulge of his cock with the toe of his shoe. A full body shudder shook Hannibal as he let out a noise that couldn't be mistaken for anything but a whine.

“Yes, please. I’d like to cum… if you’ll allow.” Hannibal rasped, voice wrecked from the abuse his throat had taken. Will smirked, shifting his balance to lift a foot, pressing the sole of his shoe firmly against Hannibal’s cock through his pants.

“Then get yourself off like this,” He said, looking down at Hannibal with head cocked to the side slightly, an almost serene expression on his face. Hannibal’s upper lip twitched, briefly exposing a fang-like tooth before he began to roll his hips forward, chasing friction against Will’s foot.

Hannibal my detest the thought of being subservient to anyone, but Will was rapidly becoming an exception to all of his carefully established rules. He wanted to see where Will’s darkness would lead him, them; to see how it would shape the world around them. Hannibal wondered as he knelt there, debasing himself and rutting against Will’s finely crafted leather shoe like a dog in heat, if the rest of the world would submit as quickly as he had.

Hands twitched and clenched against Hannibal’s thighs as he ached to seize control with them, but they stayed obediently in their place. The events of a few minutes before had already worked him up to the point of near climax, and it wasn’t long before he bowed his head, resting against Will’s thigh and panting as he ground himself slowly against him.

Will’s foot pressed harder and Hannibal groaned through clenched teeth, though his jaw loosened as he felt soothing hands stroking through his hair.

“Be a good boy and cum for me.” Will’s smug voice sounded above him, though sounded far away. All of Hannibal’s thoughts narrowed in on the point of contact between his legs, his abdomen aching with the need for release. A sharp little tug to his hair tipped him over the precipice, and he spilled in his boxers with a low, breathless moan. He trembled as he rode out his orgasm, and only when he slumped a little against Will’s leg did the pressure lift from his cock.

A moment later his head was wrenched back, and was greeted by the sight of Will’s flushed but seemingly dispassionate face.

“You may hold the purse strings, Hannibal, but the hand on your reins is mine. Don’t forget that.”

Hannibal could only stare up at him, an odd coil of pride taking up residence in his chest at the words. Then a wad of tissue paper was being pressed against his face, none too gentle as it wiped the drying remnants of Will’s semen from his skin before being tossed in the toilet behind him.

“Clean yourself up and meet me in the lab. I’m sure they’re back with the evidence by now,” Will said before turning and unlocking the cubicle door, all but fleeing as quickly as his feet could carry him without running.

Will almost felt sorry for leaving Hannibal knelt on the floor in that state but shame and dread clawed at his innards like caged beasts as the events of the morning began to sink in. He just hoped his internal struggles didn’t show on his face as he wound his way through the hallowed halls of the FBI and into the lab.

Chapter End Notes

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Will's condition worsens and Hannibal and he have a serious conversation about his urges. Will visits a doctor (who isn't Hannibal).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Days passed; They hadn’t talked about what had happened in the FBI toilets. Will knew Hannibal was waiting for him to broach the subject, and he was deliberately avoiding it. But that wouldn't be possible much longer. Not if Will wanted to explore the newfound sexual intimacy between them. And he did. Fuck, he did.

Every time he thought back to that moment in the cubicle when Hannibal had knelt before him, semen and saliva smeared over his chin and cheeks. The look of slightly dazed but pleased submission on Hannibal’s face made Will’s cock ache with need. He wanted to see what else Hannibal would let him do.

He wanted to pin his larger lover down and fuck him until he bagged Will to stop. Wanted to wrap his fingers around that beautiful neck and squeeze until the blood couldn't make its way in or out of his brain. He wanted to see Hannibal’s skin bruised and bleeding and know that Hannibal enjoyed it. Will was sure he would.

He sat at the desk Hannibal had set up for him in his study, furniture rearranged so that it could sit against the wall, looking out of a window onto the beautifully presented japanese rock garden behind the house. A mixture of photographs and reports were spread over the desk, some showing the bodies of their killers past victims, and others mere snapshots of a man they suspected of being the man who the press had come to call ‘The Baltimore Mangler’.

Will sneered at the title and leaned back in his chair, eyes on a report that stated he’d been seen in the area of Hannibal’s home. Hannibal had seen it earlier and was remarkably unconcerned, more interested in what they’d be having for dinner. Not that Will was particularly surprised. If Hannibal were at all concerned about the situation this case had put them in, then he’d hidden it the entire time. Whether it was out of pride, or not wanting to concern Will, he didn’t know.

Sighing and rubbing a hand over his eyes, Will pushed the report back into the mess of papers and stood, intending on checking on dinners progress. The next thing he knew, he was standing pressed against Hannibal in the kitchen, knife in hand and pressed to Hannibal’s throat.

He froze, eyes wide as he stared into the dark, hungry look in Hannibal's eyes. The knife clattered to the floor, point narrowly missing Will's sock clad foot and skittering away across the polished industrial tiles. A bead of blood welled to the surface of a shallow cut just above Hannibal's adams apple; to Will's horror, he realised he was painfully hard.

At last Hannibal moved, taking the hand that had previously held the knife, and lacing their fingers together. He brought Will's hand to his mouth and pressed a kiss to the knuckles before guiding it to his neck. Blood smeared warm and slick under his palm.

"Perhaps we should talk about how these episodes of yours seem to repeatedly lead to violent sexual moments between us, hmm?" Hannibal's voice was low and held a certain huskiness to it that told Will that he wasn't the only one aroused. The press of Hannibal's firm cock against his hip only served to confirm that.

Will's breathing was laboured as he pulled himself away from Hannibal's grip, staring at the blood on his hand with an audible swallow.

"I don't know what I'm doing… or why," he eventually said, eyes still glued to his palm. The scent of almost burning food hit him at the same time Hannibal turned back to the stove to tend to their meal before it was ruined.

"I would think it's fairly clear that you're acting out some subconscious fantasies during these moments, be they from your own mind, or our killers. I've been hesitant to initiate intimacy between us for fear of triggering this kind of response and making you feel out of control or guilty at the result."

"I very much doubt you're really hesitant about that Hannibal. You're waiting for something, for me to make another move while clearheaded, for whatever reason," Will said as he moved to the sink to wash the blood from his hand. He was surprised at how unconcerned he was about the wound to Hannibal's neck, though put that down to knowing Hannibal was a trained medical professional and would know if he needed treatment for it. As he made no move to tend to the wound, Will assumed it was no worse than a papercut.

"I confess, I do wish for you to be fully cognizant of your actions while being intimate with me. I would rather you remember it and it seems you're unable to remember what happens during your episodes. However your hospital appointment is tomorrow, and we'll soon learn if these blackouts are the result of a physical illness or a mental one. I was prepared to wait as long as it took to get a result either way, if that meant you were more comfortable with the situation."

"You think it'd scare me off if I hurt you without realising?"

"Perhaps." Hannibal retrieved a new knife and continued the task Will had abandoned, chopping and crushing garlic before adding it to the mix in the pan.

"I don't like being out of control."

"Would you still retreat if you hurt me while lucid?"

Will stopped with his hand under the faucet, the water almost scalding on his skin as it splashed against it. Would he? He'd already choked Hannibal on his cock and felt nothing but pleased about it. Would he have a similar reaction to causing Hannibal more tangible pain? He'd never considered himself a sadist, too empathic to think that a possibility. If he were, would that really be him, or a reflection of one of the many killers he'd absorbed into his psyche over the years, remnants he'd not been able to shake off?

"I'm… not sure." Will shut off the flow of water and dried his hands, bending to pick up the knife from where it had landed. He laid it in the gleaming sink.

"Perhaps it's something you would be interested in exploring?" Hannibal asked, carefully transferring their meals from the pan to the plate, a simple mix of pan roasted Mediterranean vegetables. An entire grilled mackerel was lain carefully over the top, steaming and imparting a delicious aroma. Hannibal knew Will was partial to the oily fish, especially prepared in such a way.

"I'm more than happy to surrender myself to your tender mercies, should you decide that is what you want." With a final sprinkle of sea salt over the top of the fish, Hannibal turned to Will and leant back against the edge of the counter beside the stove for a moment, observing him.

Will returned his gaze; They were both still hard. Will raked his eyes over Hannibal's form, lingering at this crotch before climbing back upward. He wouldn't deny that the idea was more than appealing. Hannibal clearly didn't expect an answer straight away, as after a minute or so he picked up their plates and carried them into the dining room.

By the time Will joined him, the table was artfully set with two places, and he took the seat opposite the one Hannibal already occupied. Since moving in Hannibal had ceased sitting at the head of the table for their meals, preferring to be on equal ground with Will and sit across from him instead.

As they ate Will mulled over Hannibal's offer, and Hannibal didn't try to engage him in conversation over their meal for once. Instead they ate in relative silence. The plates were almost clear when Will spoke up, a glass of wine in hand, his eyes unfocused as he stared into its red depths.

"After my scan."

Hannibal looked up from his plate with an unreadable expression and waited for Will to clarify.

"Whatever the results, after my scan I want to… explore those urges," Will explained, lifting his eyes and catching Hannibal's gaze as he placed his glass gently back on the table. Hannibal's lips twitched into a pleased smile and he gave a short nod before standing to clear away the remnants of their meal.

Will followed him back into the kitchen and dried as Hannibal washed their plates and the mess from preparing their meal. The cut on his neck had stopped bleeding long ago and the skin around the small wound was slightly red with irritation, but he seemed none the worse

for wear. Will felt his tension, which had held throughout dinner, slowly unspooling as he examined what he'd done from a distance.

Though his erection had abated during dinner, he still felt the low simmer of arousal in his gut, and as Hannibal looked up from his task with hungry eyes, he felt himself getting excited again.

"Would you like to join me for a drink in the study?" Hannibal offered as he handed Will the last plate and dried his hands. Will shook his head, drying the plate and placing it back in it's cupboard.

"I'd like to take you to bed," He said, letting his arousal embolden him to make the request directly. Once again that pleased look settled on Hannibal's face, almost smug as he closed the distance between them and placed a hand on Will's cheek.

"Of course. Do you have specific plans?" Hannibal asked, stroking a thumb over the peak of Will's cheekbone before sliding his hand back to cup his nape. Elegant fingers twisted in the soft curls there, nails scratching lightly at the base of Will's skull in a soothing manner that almost had Will melt into Hannibal's arms.

While last time they'd been 'intimate' Will had been the aggressor, now he found himself chasing after Hannibal's control. He pressed himself closer with a sigh and his hands came to rest on Hannibal's waist, loosely grasping his shirt.

"I just want you. Not like last time. We haven't… I'd like to just experience something… normal with you, before everything else," Will said before leaning in to press a brief kiss to Hannibal's lips.

"You need only ask. Would you prefer I take control?"

"I want to be inside you but…"

"Both are possible at the same time," Hannibal told him, amusement clear in his voice before he pressed a gentle kiss to the bridge Will's nose. Will's eyelids fluttered at the contact, more tender than Will had expected from Hannibal, yet strangely also just what he'd been craving. He realised that as he pulled back enough to see more than blurred eyelashes and gave Hannibal an almost coy smile.

"That's what I want then. However that plays out," Will said, and let out a startled noise as Hannibal promptly bent and picked him up, hefting him bridal style. He flung his arms around Hannibal's neck and scowled, though didn't dare wriggle to free himself lest Hannibal decided to drop him in a fit of mischievousness.

"Do you have to carry me?" He huffed, and Hannibal chuckled as he carried Will out of the kitchen and toward the bedroom.

"Of course not. But it pleases me to do so. Would you deny me that?" They ascended the stairs and Will found himself reluctantly impressed with Hannibal's ability to navigate them both to the second floor without accident.

“Well, if it pleases his majesty, I suppose I can deal with it,” Will teased, and was dumped unceremoniously on the bed for his trouble. Hannibal immediately set about divesting Will of his clothing, stripping socks and trousers from his legs before prompting Will to sit up from where he’d sprawled on the mattress as he’d landed. He made short work of removing Will’s shirt which was neatly folded along with the rest of his clothing and placed on the bench at the foot of the bed. He was left in only his obscenely tented boxers while Hannibal was fully clothed, though the bulge in his trousers was equally as obvious.

Will moved to help Hannibal undress but was pressed back into the bed, Hannibal tutting in disapproval.

“Lay back and be still. Just watch.” Hannibal commanded, and Will couldn’t find it in himself to disobey. He did was he was bid and observed as Hannibal began to slowly undo his silk tie. Will’s brows rose in disbelief as he realised what Hannibal intended.

“Hannibal… is this a strip tease?” He asked, forcing back shocked laughter, “For some reason I really didn’t expect such a thing from you.” The idea of Hannibal and strip teases in combination were incongruous, they just didn’t fit together at first. When he thought of stripping he thought of swaying hips and poles in bars, not deft hands making slow work of peeling back the layers of a perfectly tailored three piece. He couldn’t deny the appeal though. Each piece of clothing that was removed had his heart-rate increasing, his mouth dry, his cock resting heavy and hard against his hip.

First the silk tie, slithering to the floor in a careless puddle, then the jacket, laid over the bench at the end of the bed. It was joined in short order by the vest, and then skin was revealed inch by tantalizing inch as Hannibal unbuttoned his shirt. Will let out a sound of needy impatience from his position reclined on the bed.

At last Hannibal pushed his trousers and boxers from his hips. Will’s gaze raked over the familiar sight of Hannibal’s nude form, taking the time to admire him in detail as he moved to the bedside table and retrieved a bottle of lubricant from the drawer. It occurred to Will then that fuck, watching the way Hannibals muscles moved under his skin, how his body radiated such a sensual power, was something he had come to love. He considered, for a moment, thanking the killer that had brought them closer.

Then Hannibal was straddling his lap, looking down at Will with dark, fathomless eyes. Pools of inky hunger, as dark and predatory as a big cat.

“Give me your hand, Will,” Hannibal demanded, and Will did so without hesitation. Breath he hadn't realised he was holding, rushed from his lips as cold lube dripped over his fingers.

“You… uh… you look good,” Will blurted, a flush creeping up his chest and neck to dust his cheeks at the unintended compliment, though it was true nonetheless. Hannibal looked at Will with raised brows and an amused twist to his lips as he closed the cap of the lube and put it to the side, out of their way but within easy reach.

“Thank you,” he said, tone sincere as the amusement melted into fondness. “I also find you pleasing to look at, though I suspect you know this already.” Will’s hand was guided between Hannibal's thighs, and Will’s breath hitched as his fingers pressed behind Hannibal’s balls.

They slid over his perineum, finding his hole with ease and rubbing lightly over the warm, tender flesh.

The tip of a slick digit dipped into Hannibal's heat, testing and teasing before retreating to circle the muscle, spreading lube further before pressing in again. Hannibal's own hands rest on Will's shoulders, a soft sigh falling from his lips as his thumbs brushed back and forth on either side of Will's throat in a soft caress.

It felt like time slowed it's pace as Will prepared Hannibal, fingers opening him up as their lips met in a series of slow, ardent kisses, breathing each other in. The fingers of his free hand wound in Hannibal's hair, nails scratching lightly over his scalp in a way that Made Hannibal groan against his lips. No words were needed as Hannibal rolled himself down onto Will's fingers; first one, then two, at three Hannibal's hand left his shoulder, pushing at his arm as he adjusted his position.

"That's enough. I'd like to feel you inside me now," Hannibal said, and Will could only swallow against the knot in his throat with a nod. His hand dropped to spread the remaining lubricant over his cock. He worried, for a moment, that it wasn't enough and was about to reach for the bottle when Hannibal positioned himself and slid down in one smooth motion, taking him to the hilt.

It was bliss. Hot, tight bliss. Will groaned as his hands found purchase on Hannibal's hips, squeezing tight, nails digging half moons into the skin. They were quickly removed and pinned above his head, however; Hannibal made a soft, almost growling noise as he began to move.

Being restrained, Hannibal blanketing him with that strong, sinuous body and using him for his own pleasure, it hit Will unexpectedly hard. He couldn't stop the desperate, needy moan that slipped from his throat as he arched, arms twisting to test Hannibal's grip on his wrists.

"Hush, Will. You're safe here." Hannibal told him, leaning down to press a tender, soothing kiss to Will's forehead. And Will truly believed it. One hand let go of Will's wrists, Instead Hannibal flattened his palm against Will's chest for leverage, thrusting himself down on Will's cock faster. Then it slid up, pressing against the base of Will's neck and Will looked up at Hannibal with complete trust through the mental haze of lust, licking at his dry lips.

"You can… if you want to," Will said, voice already ragged. He'd said he'd wanted 'normal', vanilla sex, and damn it he really had until the ease with which those hands had pinned him firmly in place. Will felt himself unexpectedly aching for Hannibal's hand around his throat.

"Another time, perhaps." Hannibal's hand retreated after a brief squeeze. Will felt weak, and for once it didn't bother him; a shudder rolled through his body and a groan from his throat.

"Feels good," Will panted, wrist straining against Hannibal's grip again as he bucked up into him. "You feel so good."

Hannibal looked down at him with a pleased expression bordering on smug at the compliment. The roll of Will's hips turned the tables however, forcing Will's cock deeper and

hitting Hannibal's prostate. His breath caught in his throat and his head fell forward, jaw slack at the pleasure it caused. Will was fascinated by the sight.

Switching up the position, Hannibal leaned back, hands braced just above Will's knees as the new angle kept that delicious pressure right were Hannibal wanted it. It also stretched his body out in the most glorious way, at least in Will's opinion.

Muscles pulled taut over strong bones, flexing as he rode Will's cock with slower, grinding movements. His hair has come loose from its slicked back position, falling soft across his forehead, the gentle lighting in the room highlighting the glimmer of sweat on his skin.

Will realised his hands were free as they moved of their own accord and splayed over Hannibal's soft belly before gripping hard at his hips.

"Fuck, you look beautiful like this. I'd frame it, if I could get a picture of you just like this. Breathtaking," Will said, words he'd normally struggle to say tumbling out in the heat of the moment. Hannibal preened at the praise, a slow grin spreading across his flushed face.

Then he did something that had Will near howling; the way he clenched as he rose and relaxed as he sunk back down on Will's cock effectively milking his orgasm from him. Will's nails dug crescents into the skin of Hannibal's hips as his hips jerked and uneven rhythm, spilling himself inside Hannibal with a grunt.

Hannibal sank down one last time, holding Will inside as he wrapped his hand around himself, bringing himself to climax with practiced precision. The tightening of Hannibal's walls around Will's over sensitive and softening cock was almost uncomfortable, in spite of this Will couldn't help but admire the way Hannibal's muscles twitched and clenched as he came.

After a moment used to catch his breath, Hannibal lifted himself from Will's lap and lay beside him. Will shifted, turning to face him, and grimaced slightly as the puddle of rapidly cooling semen on his stomach dribbled across his stomach. The look faded into a fond smile as Hannibal chuckled at it however, and Will leaned in to press a kiss to Hannibal's lips.

They basked in each other for a while, before rising to clean themselves off. An early night called, tomorrow Will had his appointment. Despite the lingering feeling of contentment, unease slowly clawed its way into his gut as the prospect the results.

The next morning, after an hour lying as still as humanly possible in an MRI machine, Will sat waiting in the consultants office for the result. Hannibal, who sat beside him now, holding his hand and rubbing comforting circles on the space between thumb and forefinger, had pulled some strings to get the scan assessed quickly. Dr. Sutcliffe was a personal friend from Hannibal's' days as a surgeon, and had agreed to push them up the waiting list in exchange for a much coveted chair at Hannibal's table.

The door opened and Will fought the urge to swing around and barrage the man with questions, to demand answers and soothe his nerves; tell him it was just stress or a bad diet. Hannibal squeezed his hand and Will sucked down a fortifying breath.

“Well, good news first. It’s not a tumor of any kind. Cancer is off the table. Bad news is, it’ll take a while to fix the issue. You have Anti-NMDA Receptor Encephalitis. It’s lucky we caught it now. Any longer and you would have suffered long term effects. But as it is it’s treatable, though it will require admission. We’ll need to take a spinal fluid sample to be sure, but if that comes back positive, you’re looking at a couple of months and immunosuppressants. But we’re caught it early enough that I expect you’ll make a full recovery,” Dr. Sutcliffe told him, sitting behind his desk and opening Will’s file.

Will opened his mouth to say something, but all thoughts had fled his mind. Hannibal spoke for him, looking over the scans, asking all the relevant questions, and discussing Will’s treatment plan as he tried to wrap his mind around the diagnosis. Relief flooded him, it was serious, yes, but he’d be ok, and he wasn’t crazy.

The next thing Will knew, he was being whisked away by nurses, Hannibal charming his way into joining him, which Will was thankful for. He held Hannibal’s hand in a white knuckle grip as the spinal tap was performed, gritting his teeth through the discomfort despite the local anesthetic.

Once he was safely ensconced in a private room, courtesy of more of Hannibal’s connections and a not insubstantial amount of money, Hannibal helped him into bed. He pressed a gentle kiss to the corner of Will’s lips, smoothing his hair back from his forehead. Will’s brain felt like it was too large for his skull, sharp pain radiating from his temples. He’d been told a post lumbar headache wasn’t unusual, and a nurse would be along with some mild painkillers in a while.

“I’ll return home and collect some things for you.” Hannibal told him, sitting on the edge of his bed, a hand resting on Will’s thigh. “Will? Are you in there?” Hannibal asked, and Will shook enough of the overwhelmed haze from his mind to focus on his lover. He gave a tired smile.

“It’s a lot. But I’ll be fine. You don’t have to bring me anything. I-,” Will said, the protest dying on his lips as Hannibal gave his thigh a firm squeeze.

“Hush, at the very least it would make me feel better to be able to fuss a little.”

“Fine, but I don’t want you spending all your time here. You need to look after yourself too.”

“Of course. Now, is there anything specific you’d like to get bring you?” Hannibal asked, and together they made a short list of things Will would need during his stay. He has a sneaking suspicion Hannibal would be smuggling him home cooked meals and expensive gifts at every opportunity, but instead of being annoyed, he found it comforting to feel so cared for. He never would have thought Hannibal could be such a mother hen, but if it clucks and lays eggs… well, it was nice either way.

Chapter End Notes

HI HELLO IT HAS BEEN A WHILE I AM SORRY. I've really not felt able to write much for a long while. I end up only writing a few lines every now and then. But I'm trying. I managed to bang out the rest of this chapter and worked out... uh... there's gonna be a couple more before the idea i have reached it's conclusion.

If you see any mistakes or anything, please let me know! This hasn't been beta read so there's probably a few lol.

Re: Will's treatment, reading up on it it seems it would actually take a few months at least? the shows timeline is so weird and it seemed way after than that.

as always, comments and kudos fuel me!!
and if you liked the fic, maybe consider giving it an RT on twitter? <3

End Notes

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